

COLOR CLIMAX

PORNOGRAPHY IN COLOR

53



COLOR CLIMAX

NO. 53

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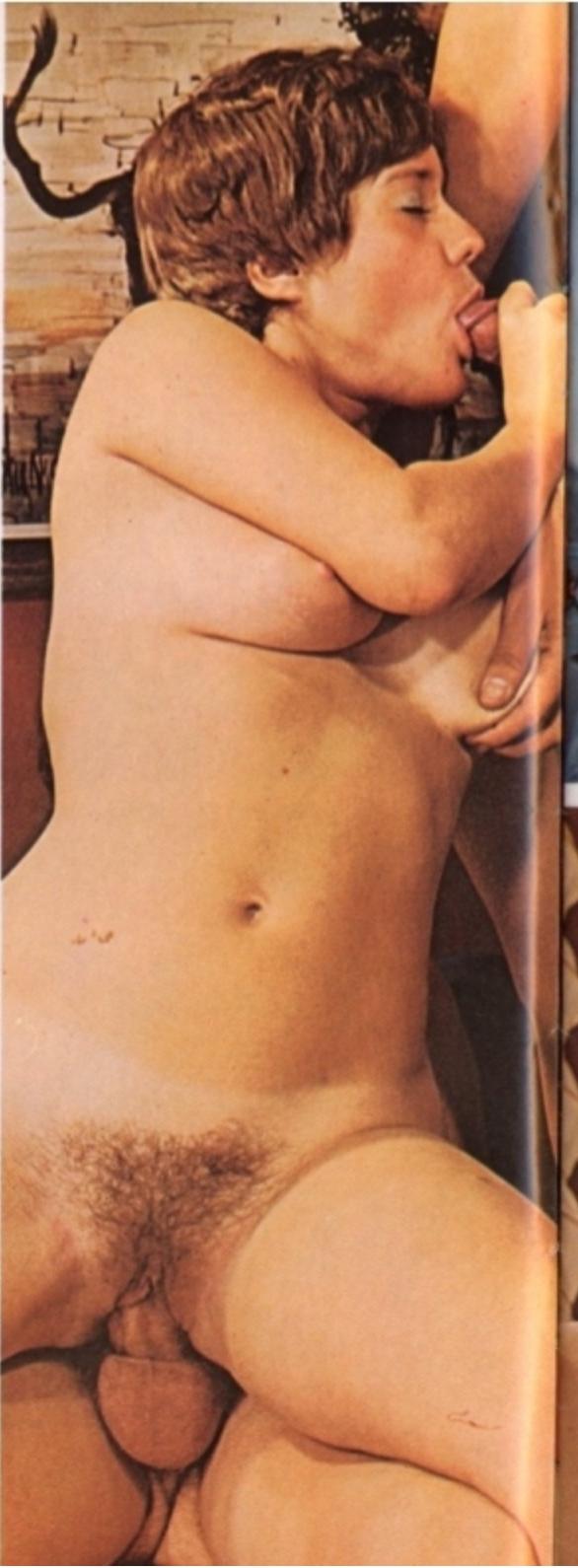
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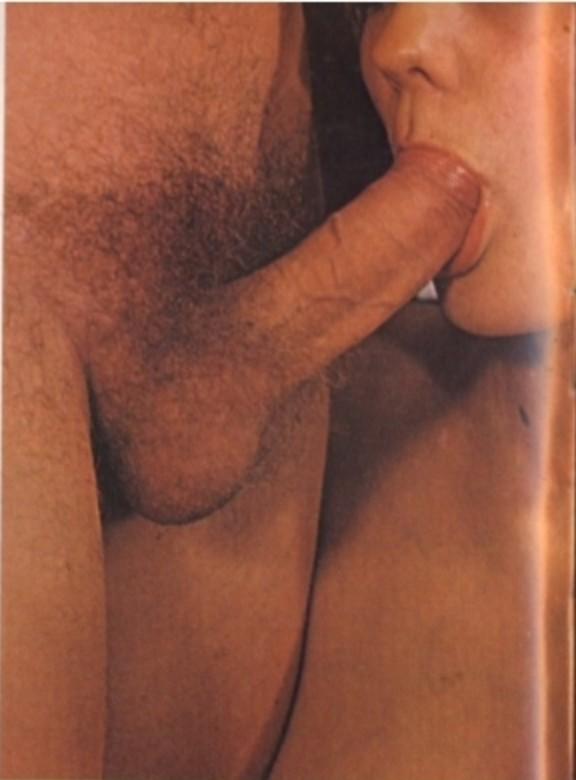
We are looking for girls who would like to pose for *Color Climax*. If you are interested, we'll love to hear from you.

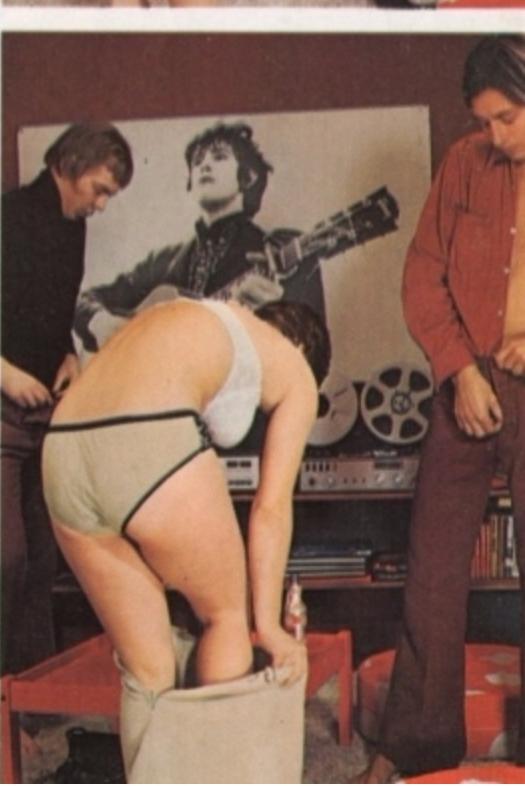
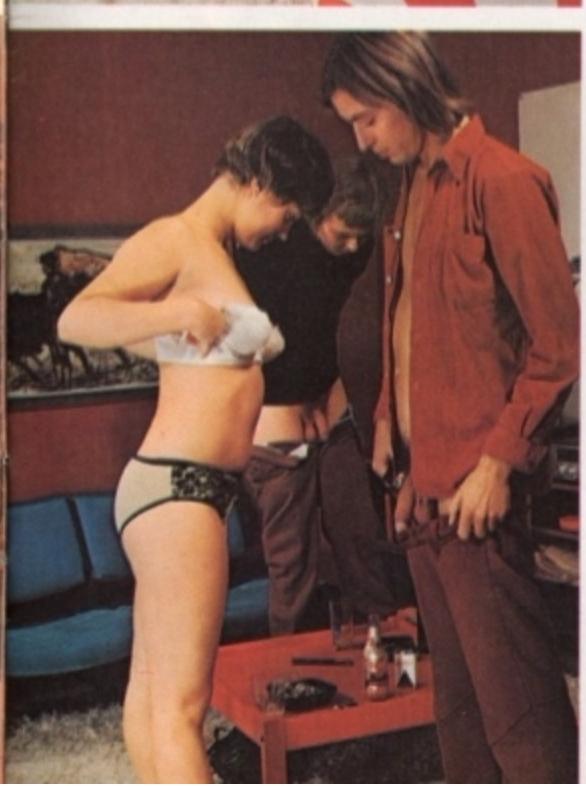
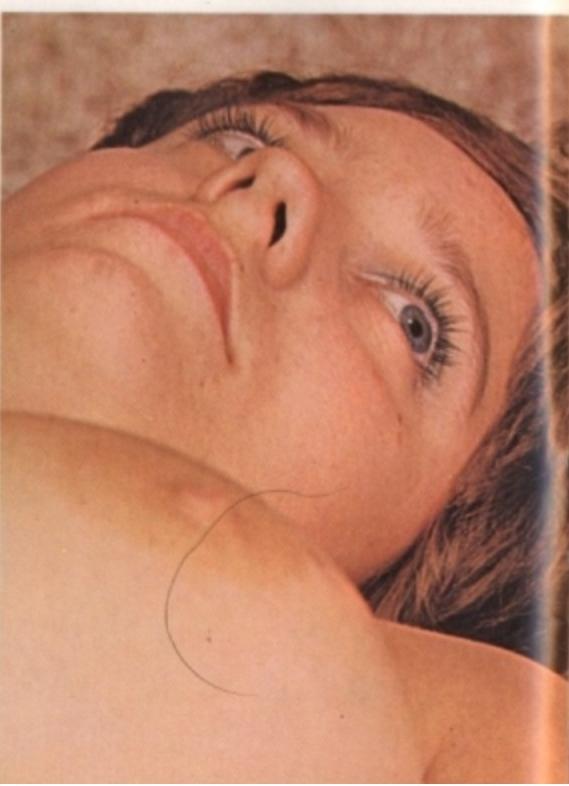
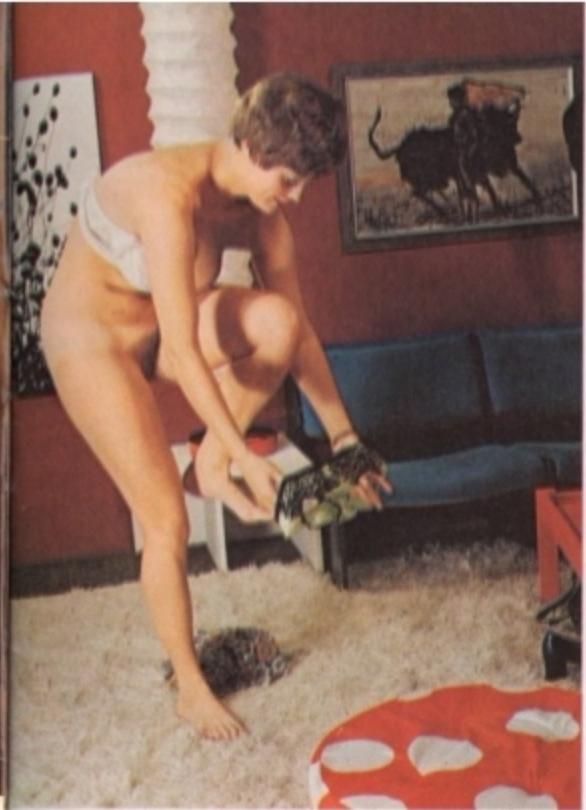
Wir suchen Mädchen, die sich gerne für *Color Climax* fotografieren lassen wollen. Sollten Sie daran Interesse haben, würden wir uns freuen von Ihnen zu hören.

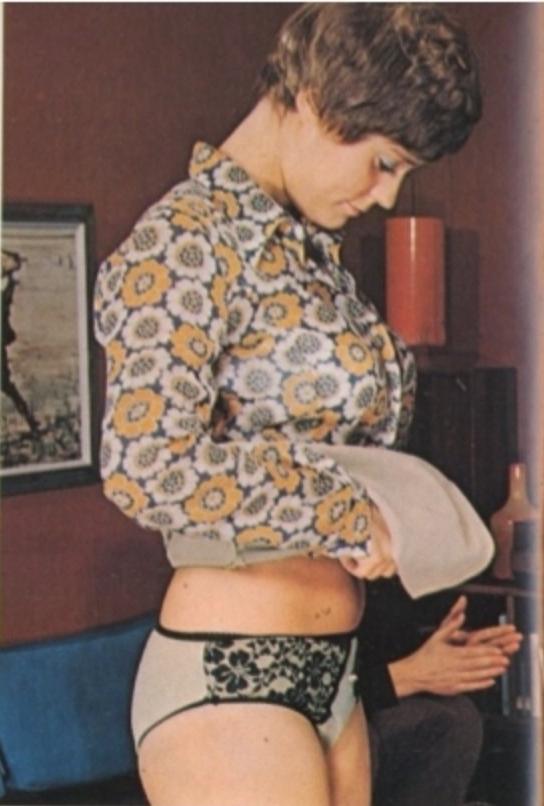
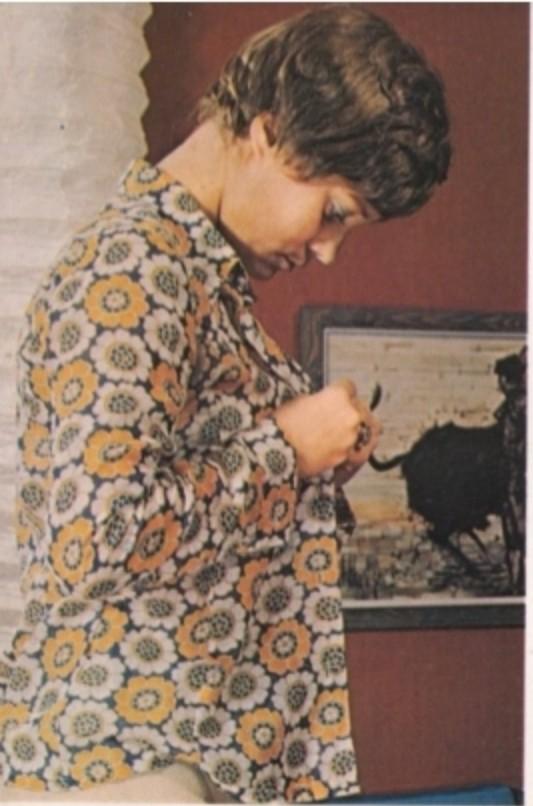
Nous recherchons des filles qui voudraient bien poser pour *Color Climax*. Si vous êtes intéressée, on adorerait recevoir de vos nouvelles!

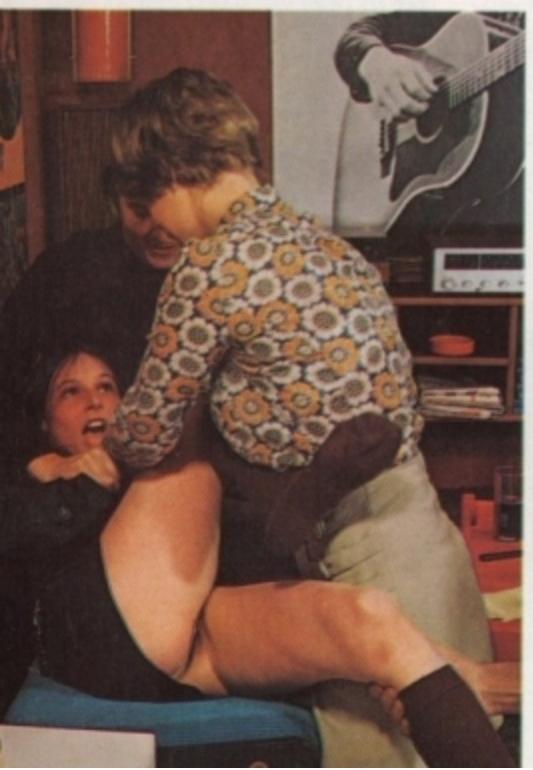
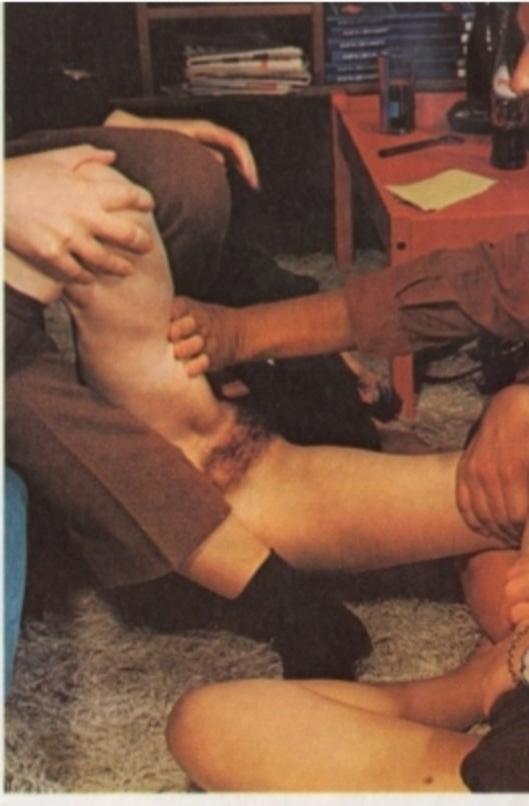


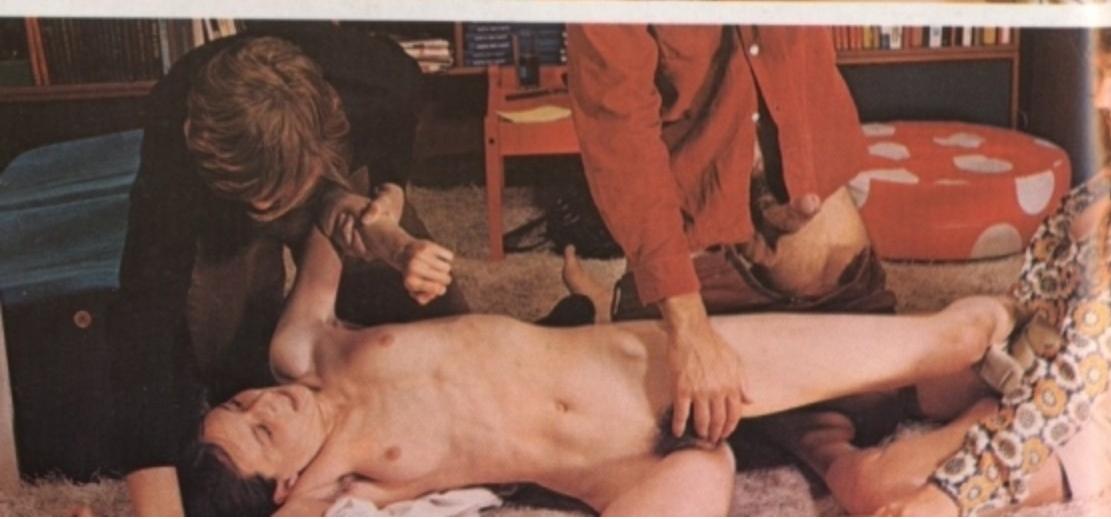




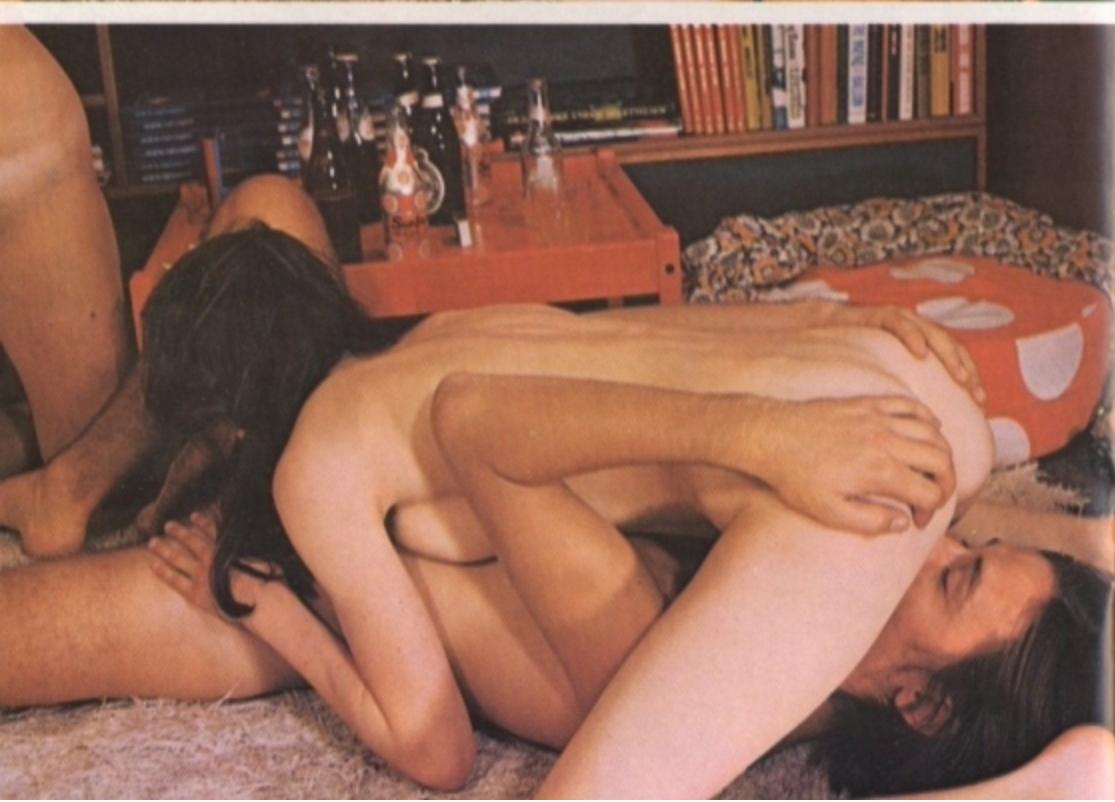


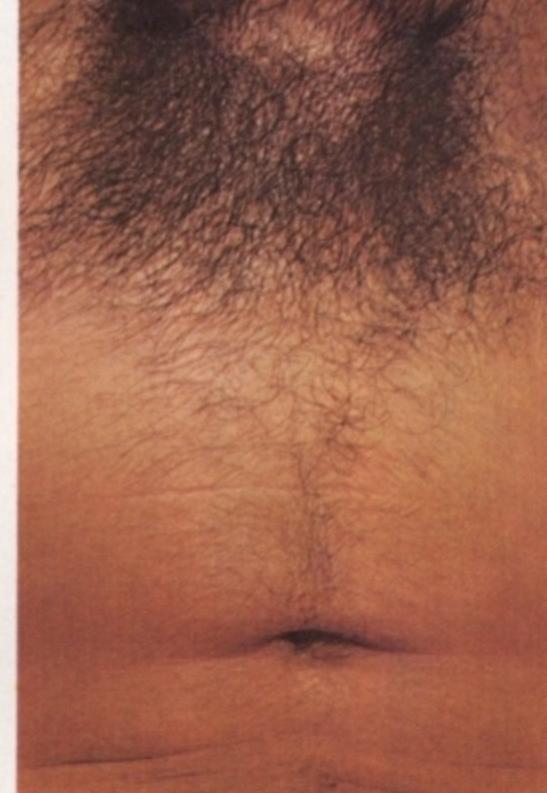
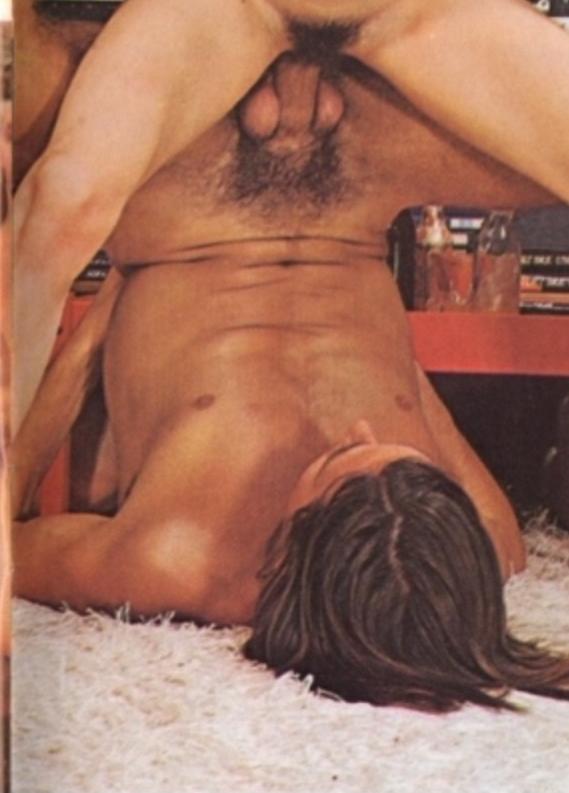


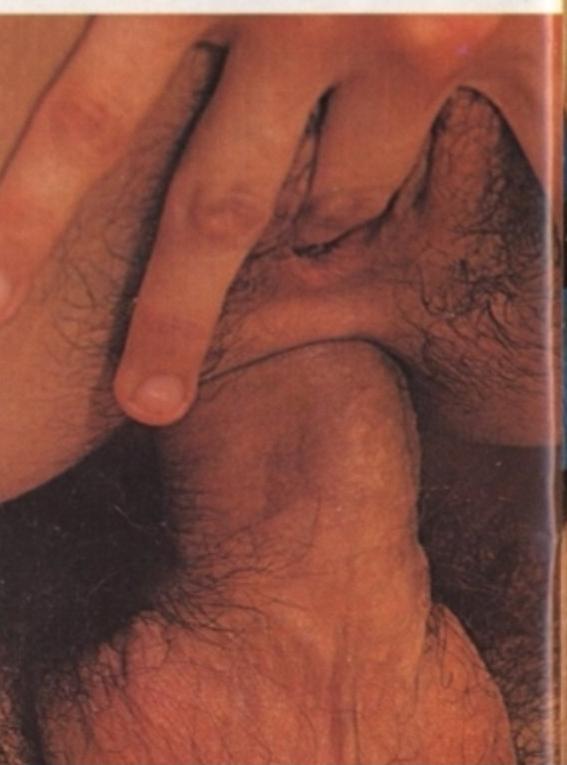
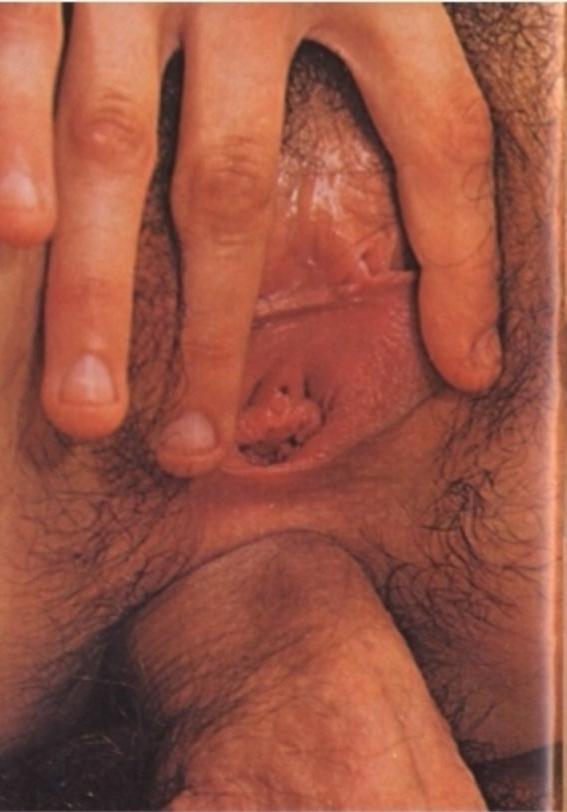






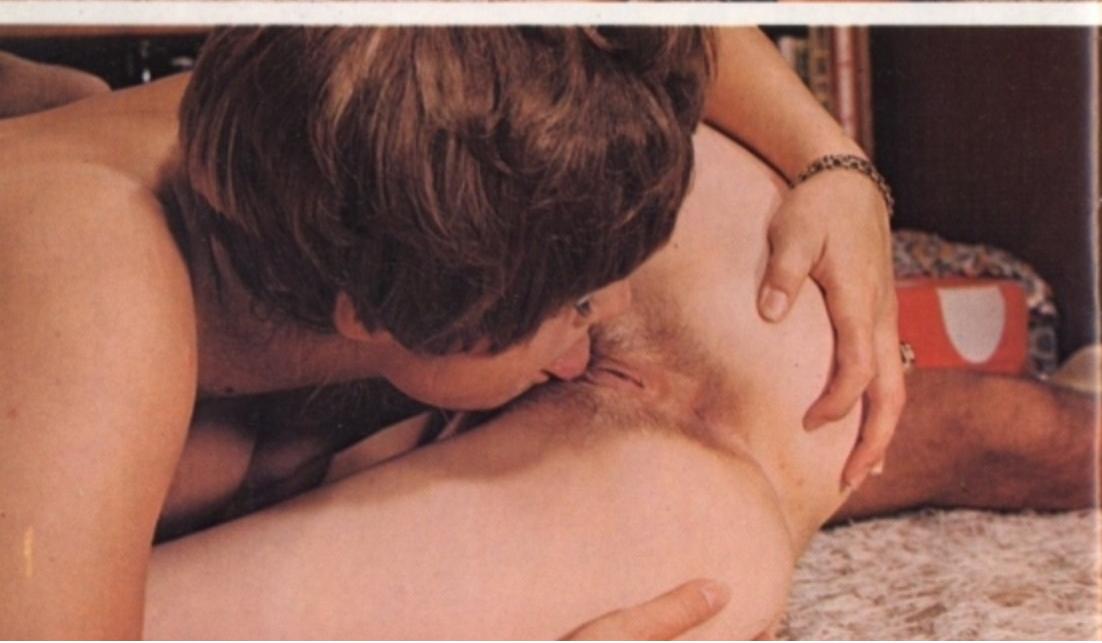














Holiday without Panties

by Victor Ströbeck

We stopped for two days at Brussels and almost stayed there for one more day. The reason was that Lena made a conquest.

It happened on a Sunday when we were strolling down the streets, having left the car at the hotel.

Lena was complaining that her feet were sore.

"I wish I'd bought those Bally shoes I saw in Copenhagen," she said. "The heels on these sandals are too low. I feel much more comfortable in high heels."

At that moment I caught sight of a shoe shop in the Rue Max Albert ... and there was a light on in the shop.

"Perhaps it's open," I said. "Let's go and see. We can't have you walking about in shoes that hurt you."

We were lucky. When I knocked, a young woman came rushing to let us in. Apparently she could see that we were tourists because she spoke to us in Eng-

lish right away. I explained to her what we wanted.

While Lena sat down in a chair, mademoiselle Yvette fetched some boxes. She sat down on a low stool before Lena and while they were trying and discussing the shoes, I took a closer look at the young proprietor. The legend on the window said "Chaussures d'Yvette" and she had affirmed that she was Yvette.

A slim, dark-haired and shingled girl of twenty-five, at the most, with piquant looks. A sharp contrast to Lena, I thought. The two of them naked in a bed! Well, one's imagination is easily stimulated after a good night's sleep and an excellent dinner when you have as hot and juicy a piece of goods as Lena for your bedmate.

Suddenly I spotted something that gave me the definite idea that mademoiselle wasn't quite indifferent to her own sex: a small piece of mirror had been fitted into the foot rest of the stool.